

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Art.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 314.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

PRICE 1½d.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.—UP THE BECK.

IT is in August, and in Westmoreland, that our story opens; and has, therefore, for Time and Place of its commencement the most charming month of the year, and the fairest county of England. The Scene is a tangled wilderness of underwood, which strives to climb a low green mountain, or 'How,' and fails before it has reached some quarter of the ascent, or so. A murmurous, sweet complaint pervades this wood, partly from its dreamy foliage, basking in the sunlight, and stirred by the summer breeze, and partly from a hundred unseen streams, which, robbed of their silvery wealth by the drought, cannot make way so swiftly as of yore down to the lake below.

The largest of these 'becks,' running through a ravine between high well-foliated banks, is very broad and deep in the rain-time; but the huge stones that form its bed are now bare in places, and active legs may leap from one to another without more than wetting shoe-leather. A pair of such are now coming up the stream, belonging to a youth of sixteen or seventeen, of so resolute and even pugnacious an appearance, that we should hardly like to provoke him by calling him Boy. He is a young gentleman not far from six feet in height; dark featured, with such eyes as take fire easily, and with a bronzed complexion, healthy as the Morn as yet, although he is already trying it by the deleterious habit of smoking. He has a handsome meerschaum in his mouth, from which issues a perfume far from divine, but which he prefers, or affects to prefer, to the natural incense which, from a thousand flowery altars, salutes him on every side. It is easy to perceive, therefore, from the first, that this young Robert Marsden is our bad character. He is, however, at all events, not deficient in courage. Although he cannot swim, there is no pool however deep—and some of them are far enough out of his depth—which can turn him; but when he comes to a place more dangerous than common, he only takes a longer time about his spring, and alights upon the stone of safety with a more determined foot. Presently, however, the stream takes a rectangular sweep through a very deep chasm indeed, and where there is only one huge boulder in the middle, with a slippery foothold at the base, and a conical top beyond it. By the look he casts upon the banks on either side, he is evidently meditating the more prudent plan of climbing one of them, and re-entering the beck above the point of danger; but they are

very high in that spot, and he is too lazy just now to use his hands, one of which is, besides, almost constantly engaged upon the meerschaum, which is long and ill adapted for violent exertion; so he settles his cap firmly upon his head, takes a long pull at the execrable tobacco, perhaps of Westmoreland growth, in order to keep it alight; sets his eye steadily upon the wet blue stone that rises above the smiling foam before him; and once, twice, thrice—he has taken his leap as resolutely as he who rode into the gulf at Rome. He reaches his aim with his toes only; from the treacherous substance glides the too well-nailed sole, and only by throwing himself upon his knees and clutching the pinnacle, does he save himself from a very serious ducking; and alas, at what an expense! The treasured meerschaum, deprived of its guardian hand, escapes from his teeth in the struggle, and—foam of the sea though it is said to be—sinks into the boiling flood for ever. It is not for us to chronicle the soliloquy which the young man indulged in after this occurrence; enough to say, that besides the vice of smoking, he had another evil habit of indulging in bad language; in favour of which wickednesses, the only thing that is to be said is, that one cannot well indulge in both at the same time.

Mr Robert Marsden stood in the centre of that beautiful stream, and surrounded by the most exquisite scenery, without their charms having, for several minutes, any softening influence upon his mind; nor, even after expressing the 'cursory remarks' we have alluded to, did he recover his former equanimity; for the rest of the way he was less careful than ever about what places he leaped at, and wetted his feet, and even his legs, with the most savage recklessness. However, he had a cigar-case in his pocket still, and he looked forward to a certain rock, which now became visible further up, as to a Mount Ararat whereon he might repose himself, and enjoy that deleterious weed, after his long pilgrimage over the waters. This rock with its surroundings would have satisfied the soul of Creswick for days; covered with heather and lichen, it lifted its lofty top far above the stream, whose tumbling falls and circling eddies it could mark down to the rectangular turn where the young man had met with his misfortune. Above this rock, the beck grew almost impregnable; a tremendous pool, with only a narrow shelving ledge around one side of it, divided it from the remainder of the stream, which soon afterwards got quit of the trees, and in time—supposing it to be going backwards—reached its mountain mother, and dark-grassed Tarn. From the rock's summit, through openings of the trees, were visible the silver sheen of the Lake, and the gray peaks of an amphitheatre of distant hills, while the

blue expanse of heaven, flecked with white, over-canopied all.

Embosomed in the heather, and commanding all this scene, without being himself observed, lay a second young gentleman; he had a book in his hand, but instead of reading it, lay watching the approach of our agile friend, with a countenance unsmiling indeed, but by no means harsh or repulsive. He had not seen him lose his pipe or heard his violent soliloquies—the roar of the beck being sufficient to drown all the bad language that our troops ever used in Flanders—but he seemed to feel that the new-comer would not be an agreeable companion, and to wish to avoid him. He once even half rose up, as if to escape into the wood, by a sort of natural causeway that joined the rock and bank, but muttering to himself: 'Pooh, pooh; I came here first; 'tis for me to stay,' he settled himself in his comfortable hollow again, and awaited the other. Whatever were his apprehensions, Charles Ryder had little to fear from the result of a personal contest; although not so tall as Marsden, he was at least as old as his fellow-pupil—for such was their mutual relation—and far more powerfully made; and his blue eyes, though tender, were determined, and ready enough to reflect the fire which they might themselves be slow to originate. Robert Marsden's face grew a shade darker than common, when he saw his favourite lounging-place thus pre-occupied. Ryder looked up once from his volume with quiet undefiant eyes, and perceiving the other occupied in that intense admiration of nature peculiar to persons who are desirous of cutting their acquaintances, let them fall again upon its pages. It was evident that these young men were on the worst terms with one another; if they had been total strangers meeting upon the same lonely rock, half a mile deep in coppice, they could scarcely have done otherwise than speak to each other; whereas they were indeed dwellers in the same house, pupils of the same private tutor, nay, more—and which explains their antagonism somewhat—they were lovers of the same very pretty young woman.

There was plenty of room upon this rock for both of them. Robert Marsden might have found for himself several other heathery resting-places where he could have sat unseen to windward of his hated rival, and almost poisoned him with bad tobacco-smoke; but he chose to clamber down instead to the very brink of the upper pool. Unless he retraced his steps down the beck, which he was too proud to do, he would have had to step over Ryder's legs to get to the bank, and therefore he made up his haughty mind to go right on; to coast round this deep and dangerous spot, upon the shelving slippery ledge, rather than to let the enemy believe his plans were changed by this previous occupation of the territory. Just opposite to where he stood, and at the distance of some thirty feet, there leaped a lofty waterfall, churning the dark face of the pool into substantial foam, which eddied away to the sides and stuck there, or was carried out of sight by some Tartarean channel under the rock. The roar of this 'force' was deafening, and far from calculated to preserve that steadiness of hand, and foot, and eye, so essential to the passage in prospect; the penalty for failure in which, to one who, like Marsden, could not swim, would be nothing less than death. Reckless though he was at that moment, therefore, the young man hesitated; as he did so, a shadow fell across him and into the pool, whereby he knew that Ryder had risen to his feet, and was watching him from behind, with most probably a sneer upon his lip. The next instant, Marsden was upon the ledge, like a fly against a wall, and would have given one of his fingers—which, however, he could little spare just then, since they were all being employed, talon-wise, in clinging to the perpendicular wet bank—to have found himself safe upon the rock.

Ryder, who had divined how matters stood, and only risen with the good-natured intention of departing, and relieving the other from his embarrassment, as soon as he perceived what had been done, and that for the young man to return was really impossible, threw off his coat and boots.

'If you can't get round, Marsden,' cried he, in a voice above the roar of the waters, 'throw yourself off right under the fall; there are hidden rocks everywhere else.'

The face of the imperiled young man grew sterner than even his danger had made it, and his lips closed together still more firmly; he was either one who did not easily believe in the generosity of a foe, or supposed that Ryder, underrating his hazard, was laughing at him. By efforts that could not have been put forth by a less active man, Marsden managed to traverse some three-quarters of the semicircle with scarcely any assistance from his feet at all; there, however, the ledge grew even narrower than before, and his strength was evidently ebbing fast. Again, with trumpet-voice, Ryder repeated his advice, with this addition: 'I shall be with you instantly, be sure, but do not cling to me if you can possibly help it!' This time, the other was fairly touched by his noble kindness. 'Thank you, Ryder; God bless you; but you would be killed yourself; I see a sharp stone beneath the water in front of you.'

'All right, Robert,' answered the other gaily; 'leave go while you have strength, if you feel you cannot hold on there.' Marsden was speechless, and growing white as the foam, when, 'Now then,' vociferated Ryder; 'once, twice, *thrice*.' A couple of splashes echoed round the pool at the same instant. Ryder rose to the surface badly braised in the shoulder, but not incapacitated from swimming, and was horror-struck to see no trace of his unfortunate companion. Having slipped into the water, feet foremost, he could not very well have come to harm against a stone, and there were no weeds to hamper his legs. A blue cap was whirling among the eddies at the mouth of the Tartarean channel. He must therefore have been carried down into that unknown abyss beneath the rock. Without the slightest hesitation, Ryder *backed* himself into this dangerous spot, keeping his head up-stream; he was a splendid swimmer, or could never have maintained himself stationary in such a current and yet struck out his legs with the due caution: he knew well that if he should kick Robert Marsden in the face, that that companion of his early days would be a dead man. All this, which takes so long to write, was not a minute in action; at the second stroke, his leg was clutched by drowning fingers, and hampered as he was, he brought out the almost inanimate body of his friend into the light, as a prize is towed into harbour by its triumphant but hardly less crippled victor. Then he turned round, and seized the rescued youth by the hair, who thereupon, with rare and heroic self-possession, let go his own hold. In a few steady strokes, Charles Ryder reached the other side of the so nearly fatal pool, and dragged his man to land.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROMISE.

We do not know any person so endowed by nature with an aristocratic appearance that he can preserve it when dripping wet. No tailor can make garments to stand it, no hatter, hats; that 'pish-pash-posh' which one's boots give forth with every step, under those circumstances, is certainly a most inelegant sound; their limp unpolished appearance is as pitiable as, on the other hand, the gloss which water temporarily imparts to coats of broadcloth is unreal and pretentious. The two friends—for had not one saved the other's life?—were by no means the same brilliant specimens of Youth which they had appeared ten minutes before, as they now plashed homeward, down

a winding path that led through the coppice almost at right angles from the beck.

'Well,' exclaimed Marsden, with one of those bursts of eloquent gratitude so peculiar to young British gentlemen, 'I'll be hanged if you are not a regular brick.'

'Pooh, pooh,' replied Ryder modestly, who knew exactly what was meant, and was far from criticising the extreme inaccuracy of the metaphorical allusion; 'there was no danger to *me*, you know; I can swim like *anything*, I can; ' and then, by way of precluding further thanks, he began to whistle.

'But I want to say a few words to you, I do indeed,' insisted the other; and he laid his hand upon Ryder's shoulder, as though to stop him. The young man shook it off with an expression of pain.

'Well, if I ever make an advance to be friends again with such a sulky fellow,' cried Marsden, mistaking the gesture, and roused by it to quite a paroxysm of passion, 'I'd rather be drowned ten times over first. I'll see you!—'

'No, you won't,' interposed Ryder quietly. 'My shoulder is rather hurt, Robert, and that is why I shook you off; you told me of the stone yourself, so it was through my own stupidity that I came against it.'

'What an abominable wretch I am!' exclaimed the penitent Marsden, whose good impulses were at least as violent as his bad ones. 'I do believe my temper will be the death of me. I shall be choked with passion some day, and only just live long enough to hear that there was nothing to be angry about after all. Why, your shoulder's as big as your thigh; it's bigger: you must surely have put out your arm! Here, let me carry you.'

'I have not indeed,' replied Ryder, smiling, 'for I swam with it since; and as for your carrying me, my dear fellow, that is the business which my legs are set to do. I may be a beast, as you sometimes affirm, but I don't go on all-fours.'

'You look precious faint, though, old fellow,' insisted the other; 'do just take a pull at this.' As he spoke, he produced a pocket-flask half filled with brandy; and his friend, who was in great pain, was persuaded to put his lips to it, although, as it seemed, rather to please Marsden than for any other reason. 'Is there nothing I can do for you, Ryder?' inquired the young man earnestly: 'you have no idea how I feel your conduct to-day.'

'I should like to ask one favour of you,' said the other, hesitating; 'but I daresay I shall offend you in so doing, although I am sure I am right in the matter.'

A burning flush overspread Robert Marsden's features, and he turned his face aside, to break off a branch from a young tree as he inquired laughingly: 'Well, Charley, what is it?'

'It's nothing selfish—it's nothing to benefit me,' said Ryder carelessly, while his companion left the branch half broken to look up at him with undisguised wonder and satisfaction; 'it is only to entreat you, as a friend, not to take up with that fellow Luders so much; you know he is a blackguard, and can never be made anything else of, whatever the governor may say. That's his brandy I've just swallowed, I know!—'

'Ungrateful wretch!' ejaculated Marsden.

'And that meerschaum of yours, which he sold you at about twice its original price, I'll answer for it—a filthy imitation!—'

'Stop!' cried the other, interrupting him with mock solemnity—'stop, and speak, I charge you, tenderly of the departed: that meerschaum lies at the bottom of Teesdale Beck, drowned and lost for ever.'

'It would be no great pity if Bartholomew Luders lay there also,' answered Ryder, angrily. 'Nobody but the governor would have the charity to keep such a wretch in the house with honest women in it, and, and!—'

'And virtuous lads,' suggested Marsden. 'Very good, go on: I like to hear these sentiments.'

'You have not told me, however, if you will grant me this favour, Robert,' continued the other seriously; 'we are just clearing the wood, and I see the very man we speak of in the field beyond.'

'Grant it you! I'll grant you anything, preserver of my life, and would-be guardian of my morals,' returned Marsden, in a tone half-bantering, half-serious. 'Welcome the root and the spring; begone the noxious weed and the ensnaring alcohol. I embrace Ryder and virtue; avant Bartholomew Luders and company. And, by the by, who is the company with Luders? I thought I saw the flutter of a petticoat by the rascal's side just now!'

'Yes, and I saw the pattern,' observed Ryder gloomily; 'it was red with yellow bars; that belongs to Phoebe, the miller's daughter.'

'Well,' laughed Marsden, 'for so admirably principled a young gentleman, you seem to possess a tolerably accurate acquaintance with female garments. How the deuce did you come to know that Phoebe Rosthwaite wore a red and yellow petticoat?'

'I was in the draper's shop at Kendal with Miss Ellen the day I drove her over in the pony carriage, and saw Phoebe choose it; her taste made us both laugh.'

'Oh,' replied Marsden, coldly, 'that explains it. Now, behold this innocent man of whom we speak, and confess yourself a calumniator. He looks like the central figure in any one of those pastoral sketches upon the governor's best china tea-service. Why has he not got a hook or a crook in his hand? He always gets everything he wants by their help, don't he?'

Mr Bartholomew Luders, the subject of all these remarks, was lying upon the green slope of the field that skirted the wood, with a small sketch-book in his hand, to which he was, with much dexterity, transferring the scene before him. He was in reality rather older than either of the pair who now approached him, but he had the appearance of being their senior by half-a-dozen years. Dark and swarthy as a West Indian—which indeed he was—there was scarce a trace of life-colour in his cheeks; his shoulders had a slight stoop in them, begotten of a habit of continuous down-looking; and his cold eyes, which never glowed with any sentiment, had a faculty of congealing, of becoming almost like stone in their intensity of expression, when he was angered. So engrossed did he appear to be in his present occupation, that he never turned his head until Marsden leaned over his sketch-book, and mockingly addressed him with: 'Well, Corydon, and where are your sheep?'

'I have only two just now,' returned Luders, looking up with a grim smile; 'and they are both melancholy objects. They have the appearance of having been very recently dipped. Why, where have you two been bathing with your clothes on?'

'We thought we saw one ewe-lamb in your neighbourhood, too,' observed Marsden drily.

Luder's impassive eyes scanned searchingly both countenances of his companions before he answered: 'Yes, Phoebe Rosthwaite stopped here a moment, as she went by, to tell me—and I was particularly to tell you, Marsden—that she hopes to be queen of the rushbearing at Greenside.'

'Is this her short-cut to the mill, then?' inquired Ryder, sardonically. 'One would as soon think of going to Grasmere over Kirkstone Pass.'

'You'll go to the feast, of course?' said Luders, without reply, and directing his inquiry to Marsden only; 'it'll be great fun, and we'll take a gig together.'

'We'll take a dog-cart rather, and then Ryder can go.'

'I have passed my word to the governor not to do so,' replied Ryder quietly; 'and indeed, I thought we all had.'

'Oh, of course, if *you* say it's wrong, that settles it,' sneered Luders; 'you fill the chair of Moral Philosophy at Teesdale How, we know.'

'Most gentlemen keep their words,' observed Ryder contemptuously. 'Come, Marsden, we are wet through; do let us get home.'

'Then I'll order the gig,' cried Luders, as the two turned away.

'Well, I don't know,' answered Marsden hesitatingly. Ryder gave the arm that was linked in his a squeeze, and the young man, thus reminded of his recent promise, added briskly: 'No, not for me; thank you. I shan't go.'

'Yes, you will, you fool,' muttered Luders, as he looked after their retreating forms; 'but that adds another figure to the long score I have got chalked up against *you*, Master Morality.'

CHAPTER III.

THE BRUNETTE AND THE BLONDE.

Teesdale How, which was the name of the dwelling of which these three young gentlemen were inmates, might have been built under the personal superintendence of 'the Solitary' of Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*. It was six miles from a market-town; and the by-way that led to it out of the high road was impassable for any more ambitious conveyance than the car of the Lake District—a species of vehicle which, in a narrow road, seems to possess the faculty of becoming as compressible as gutta percha; while, in all the great expanse of mountain-ground visible from its windows, there was but a single house, and even that was an empty one, and enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. This seclusion made Teesdale How admirably adapted for study, as well as rendered it, for a yearly tenant—it was dear enough to hire for 'the season'—remarkably cheap; and both these considerations, doubtless, had their weight with Mr Onslow Bateman, who eked out an income of £150 a year of his own, by taking £300 per annum from each of his pupils.

It would have puzzled one a good deal to give a categorical account of the qualifications which enabled this gentleman to set so high a value upon his educational services, and yet few who knew him would be found to deny that they were worth the money. He was not a clergyman; he had never written a treatise upon the Greek Particles; he had not distinguished himself at the universities, for he had never been to either of them; he was not connected, however indirectly, with the aristocracy; and his appearance was that of an intellectual captain of dragoons. Moreover, he was a widower, with no Mrs Onslow Bateman to superintend his household; and he possessed a couple of grown-up daughters, beautiful, and therefore dangerous for any young man of expectations to be associated with, at an age when views of 'the marriage question' are apt to be crude and unpractical, and the affections to possess an influence uncontrolled by the sense of Social Position, and what the Best Society is expecting of us.

On the other hand, Mr Onslow Bateman was a walking *encyclopedia* (always elegantly bound), full of very charming illustrations upon every branch of knowledge, and furnished with a most uncommon clasp, which shut up just at the right time, and never suffered too much of the contents to escape at once. He imparted the politest facts to the rudest capacities with the air of a man desiring information, and rubbed off so adroitly with the pumice-stone of his own perfect manners the nodosities of a clownish youth, that the rough diamond had no idea of the process, although he saw the result reflected in the eyes of his delighted friends when he returned for the holidays. The specialty of Mr Bateman was, in fact, to impart gentlemanly behaviour, or—to express

it in a manner which he himself would have shuddered at—to make silk purses out of sows' ears. Thus it was that in those not quite exceptional cases where nature omits to dower the aristocracies of birth or wealth with her more elegant charms, this great artist undertook, upon the above terms, to supply them. By a not unusual confusion, his success in this particular department was considered to be proof of his fitness as a moral reformer also; and among those that came to his tutorial net—where all was fish—from the vexed waters of the public schools and fashionable seminaries, were found, occasionally, a very loose fish indeed. Of this class, among his present pupils, Mr Robert Marsden was a mitigated, and Mr Bartholomew Luders an aggravated specimen. They had both been expelled from their respective cradles of learning; the former for a persistence in pursuing his favourite pastime of card-playing, beyond its legitimate six days' limit, into the Sunday; and the latter, for an act of cruel brutality to a junior, which had fairly roused the ire of a school community, commonly jealous for the privileges of its seniors, and disposed rather to permit their powers to be strained to the utmost.

Marsden was the son of an extravagant country squire of good family; Luders, of a Jamaica planter, who had purchased depreciated property, but at a very depreciated price, and had thus procured for himself riches, accompanied by the desirable right of complaining about his poverty. Charles Ryder was the younger brother of a Yorkshire baronet, with little to be said against him, except that he was somewhat bashful and retiring in company, so as to make some people remark that it was a providential thing that he was not the eldest son, and had not succeeded to the title instead of Sir Harry, against whom those objections could not certainly with justice be urged. He was rather a modest and reserved person, it must be confessed—though with no constitutional want of confidence and determination—and this was especially apparent in the society of ladies, where he seldom opened his lips without a blush. If he had but known, as he now came across the lawn with his friend, that he was the subject of conversation between two young women sitting at one of the upper windows of the house, I am sure that, drenched and shivering as he was, there would have been quite a peony flush all over him.

'Well,' said Florence, who was the elder of the two Bateman girls, and the brunette—her sister being orthodoxy blonde, as the second Sister and the second Traveller, according to all novelists, is bound to be—'Well, all I can say is this, my dear Ellen, everybody to their own taste, as the old woman observed when she kissed her cow.'

'It is a pity, my dear Florence, that we did not begin our conversation with that sentiment,' returned the other, laughing, 'and save our breath to cool our porridge. Nay, if elegant saws and poetical illustrations are *all you can say* upon the matter, my love, I shall be more than a match for you.'

'Well, my dear, as long as you will not be a match for Robert Marsden,' responded Florence, sighing, 'you may be my everlasting conqueror, and welcome.'

'Nobody asks me, sir, she said, nobody asks me, my pretty maid,' caroled Ellen gaily, accompanying the baby-song with such a charmingly innocent expression upon her lovely face that one might have taken her up in one's arms, under the impression that she was a child out of the nursery, and kissed her; and without perhaps, even afterwards, being altogether sorry for the mistake.

'He *has* asked you,' returned Florence seriously, 'as plain as eyes can speak.'

'Madam,' observed Miss Ellen with mock solemnity, and imitating, as well as she could, the deep bass tones of Mr Charles Ryder, while she uttered his

favourite piece of slang repartee—‘Madam, you are another.’

‘Yes,’ replied Florence, impetuously, and understanding, with true womanly quickness, all that the other meant to suggest. ‘I know that Charles Ryder is not a clever man, and that he makes use of dull stereotyped school-boy vulgarisms; but I would rather a thousand times have him for my brother-in-law, for my dear, dear sister Ellen’s companion for life, than a young man without religion, without principle, without self-government of any description, and who does not know his own mind for two minutes together.’

‘If his mind, if Mr Marsden’s mind,’ answered the younger girl, beginning to cry, ‘is so peculiarly bad, it does seem exceedingly hard,’ sobbing, ‘that he shouldn’t always *know* it, at least. I—I—I,’ here she got rather hysterical, and could with difficulty articulate, ‘I think I shall go and lie down in my own room for a little.’ But Florence’s arms were round her neck, and Florence’s lips were pressed to hers before she could rise; and the two sisters, who dearly loved one another, forgot for a moment in that affectionate embrace that there was any such obstruction to a young woman’s happiness in all the world as a young man.

‘There, we won’t talk about him any more, dear Nelly,’ said Florence, soothingly; ‘will we?’

‘And we won’t *think* about him any more, dear Florence,’ returned Ellen, imploringly; ‘will we?’

‘Not if we can help it, we won’t; not if we don’t see naughty little flirtations going on, we won’t—Oh,’ screamed Florence, interrupting herself, and suddenly pointing to the foot of the lawn—‘oh, do look at the Pups!’

The Pups, it may be well to observe, was the abbreviated name by which the Misses Florence and Ellen Bateman were accustomed to designate their father’s pupils, and the exclamation was drawn forth by the appearance of the two young gentlemen who had just come out of Teesdale Beck. ‘Why, they look like a couple of water-dogs,’ exclaimed the young lady, as she ran down stairs with her sister, and out on the lawn; ‘they must surely both have tumbled into the lake! Don’t shake yourselves, gentlemen, if you please,’ continued she, in pretended alarm—‘Carlo never does; he rolls himself over in the sun until he gets dry.’

At these words the young men immediately cast themselves upon the grass, and began to revolve slowly, amid shouts of laughter from all four. At his second revolution, however, Ryder was obliged to desist on account of his hurt shoulder, and the whole story of their accident had to be detailed.

Mrs Allwyne, the housekeeper, who was at once as wise as a physician and as skilful as a dresser, took charge of the wounded man, and carried him off to hospital.

‘I wish, Mr Marsden,’ observed Miss Florence, ‘that you would choose some other place for your feats of derring-do than our favourite pool. If anything had happened to you, it would have entirely lost its present high character, and gone, perhaps, by the name of Dead Man’s Hole for ever afterwards. How could we ever read aloud on Prospect Rock again, with the suspicion of having a spiritual critic such as your ghost to listen to us? Or how could we enjoy our little *al fresco* luncheons there, with the knowledge that you were present, but unable to partake of them?’

‘I am sure I would have been very sorry to have spoiled the pool,’ replied Marsden penitently; ‘I would not have haunted it unless I had been obliged, indeed. I would have gone to Ladybank House yonder, where there is a ghost already, and kept company with *him*, notwithstanding his antecedents, rather than have interfered with your pleasure.’

‘I should not have thought you were a person much influenced by people’s antecedents,’ remarked

Miss Florence bitterly, who was older, by some two or three years, than her sister, and had reached the epoch, as she imagined, when young women are permitted to be ‘severe.’

‘That is the second time to-day,’ said Marsden, blushing slightly, ‘that that innocent creature, Luders, has been calumniated. Ryder had no sooner saved my life—at the very considerable risk of his own, I am bound to say, and, considering that we were not on very good terms before, it was the more magnanimous of him—than he demanded of me that I should drop Bartholomew; that I should be less intimate with that simple-minded Child of the Tropics.’

‘Oh, I am so glad to hear it,’ cried Ellen, clapping her hands. ‘I do think he is a wicked creature; I know it was he who lamed our dear old Carlo with a stone.’

‘And yet you know, Miss Ellen, your father has a high opinion of him,’ said Marsden, casting his eyes to the ground, but unable to suppress a certain air of expectation for her reply.

‘We know that papa never thinks ill of any one, sir, unless he is obliged,’ interposed Florence angrily. ‘Mr Ryder, who sees this gentleman when he is not upon his good-behaviour, when he has not got his company-manners on, must have better opportunities of judging him than papa can have; and,’ added she, with a glance of more than reproof, ‘he is by no means uncharitable in his friendships either.’

‘Mr Ryder seems to be happy in possessing your very tender interest,’ observed Marsden maliciously.

‘I hope so, since he certainly has it,’ replied Florence, laughing at the harmless barb; ‘and so also, believe me, has Mr Robert Marsden. His standing out here any longer in those wet clothes will be absolutely dangerous, and I must insist upon his taking care of himself, and getting dry ones.’

‘Well,’ exclaimed Ellen pettishly, when the young man had withdrawn into the house, ‘I do think you were rather hard upon Mr Marsden.’

‘I was not half hard enough upon him, sister,’ replied Florence, gravely. ‘Why was it you did not answer him, Ellen, when he spoke of papa? It was to you he was addressing himself.’

‘I didn’t—it wasn’t,’ stammered the blushing girl.

‘You didn’t know how to answer him, because it was not a remark which should have been addressed to you,’ said Florence decisively. ‘No person with a really good heart would ever have spoken it.’

‘Mr Ryder likes Mr Marsden very much,’ urged Ellen, with some petulance.

‘He does,’ said Florence; ‘but he likes him more than he respects him.’

‘Or he would never,’ continued Ellen, without noticing her sister’s interruption, ‘have been so solicitous about his giving up the society of an injurious companion.’

Florence looked searchingly into the blue eyes turned towards her, without finding anything in their liquid depths beyond the partisanship of love; then kissing her sister’s forehead, and holding her soft white hand affectionately in her own, she said: ‘Do you remember, Nelly, when we were in Sussex, and papa was not so well off as he is now, that you had to part with your beautiful pony Tomboy, and how it almost broke your little heart? Well, were you not very anxious, since you could not keep it yourself, that it should, at least, have a kind and humane mistress? And were you not sorry that it was sold to poor Mrs Turnbull, because her husband was a cruel man?’

‘I was,’ said Ellen, almost in a whisper, and trembling a little, although she did not yet see what was intended.

‘So—as far as Tomboy was concerned, I mean—you would have been pleased—since she needs must have had him—if Farmer Turnbull could have been divorced from her, would you not?’

'I suppose I should have been,' murmured the young girl.

'Therefore, you would have done all in your power—if the pony was to be alone considered—to have brought that result about; and for my part, I think that unselfish love ought to have been all the more acceptable to Tomboy. There's an allegory for you, Nelly. The half-hour bell has been rung this long time, and it's high time we were getting ready for dinner, so you may work it out while you are doing your back-hair.'

THE SCIENCE OF THE WEATHER.

In these restless inquisitive times, when the discoveries of science are multiplying so rapidly that simple folks are almost beginning to fear everything will soon be found out, and that the Humboldts and Faradays of coming generations will have to sit down and cry, as Alexander did of old, because nature has no more mysteries for them to unravel, it does seem strange that the very class of phenomena we take most interest in, and have the best opportunities of observing, should have been, until a very few years back, little better than a sealed book to us, and should be even now the one we are most ignorant of. Yet so it is. Of all subjects, the weather is the one about which there is the most universal interest, as well as we might almost say, the most universal ignorance. We are always thinking and talking about it—and no wonder, since our harvests, our commerce, our amusements and social life, our health and mortality, are all directly controlled by its changes. There are more proverbs about the weather than about anything else; and in our own and several other countries, a meteorological wish is the first greeting among friends, and a meteorological observation the starting-point of conversation among strangers. We are most of us instinctive barometers. As *Hudibras* says :

Old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind.

And yet, though there is nothing we are more eager to find out all about, we have only set to work to investigate the subject systematically within the last twenty or thirty years, and are now barely across the threshold of the science, and still woefully in the dark.

The great fault of the old school of meteorologists was their haste to begin reading the future before they had mastered the past, and their blind reliance on their own isolated and imperfect experience. After a few years' apprenticeship as observers, they generally started in business as prophets, with a limited capital of very doubtful facts to work upon; and ended either by becoming confirmed quacks, or retiring in disgust at the failure of their predictions. Gradually, however, the conviction dawned on the minds of those who paid attention to the matter, that they had begun by attempting too much, and that, after all, the apparent irregularity and caprice of the weather was due only to their own limited vision; so they became more humble in their views, put the prophet's robes on the shelf in the meantime, and resolved to begin at the beginning, in the hope that, by observing the fluctuations of the weather more closely and systematically, and over a wider area, they might find some method in its madness. Not without much nudging and memorialising, our own and various foreign governments were induced to give their aid to the enterprise; and about twenty years ago, a general system of meteorological observations was organized over a great part of the civilised world. The official impulse given to the study of this important science, enlisted many able and industrious volunteers in the

work, and there are now thousands of keen eyes, all the world over, on land and sea, busy watching and recording the vagaries of the weather—which way the wind blows, and what sort of temper it is in, the amount of rain-fall, the moisture of the air, the height of the temperature, and so on. The new mode of studying the weather has been attended, so far as it has gone, with the most encouraging success. We have not advanced very far as yet, but at least we are not without a sign that we are on the right track at last, and every day we are advancing our lamp further into the obscurity which has so long enveloped the subject.

Although no fixed and definite method has been discovered in the variations of the weather, enough has been accomplished to enable us to have a short but very useful warning of any great atmospheric change. A general law, for instance, has been traced, by means of the barometer, in the undulation of that shoreless, aerial ocean whose mighty waves roll unceasingly over our heads, and on the bed of which we walk about. As the crest or the trough of a wave passes on high, the glass rises or falls; and in the curve formed by these oscillations of the barometer, may be seen an exact miniature of the wave above. In certain cases, the same curve has been observed during the same period of successive years; and hence it is inferred that such waves are periodical in their appearance. One enormous wave pays us a visit once a year, in the month of November, which, according to Mr Birt, occupies fourteen days in its transit, and moves along at the rate of nineteen miles an hour, so that its whole breadth must be not less than 6000 miles! This gigantic wave is the one which did so much damage to the allied fleets in the Black Sea during the Crimean war. It began to play havoc with the ships at Balaklava just four days after it left London, so that had meteorology been more popular, by the aid of the electric telegraph and barometric observations, the allied navies might have had timely warning of the unwelcome visitor, and sought shelter from its fury.

Then, again, the two gales which wrecked so many vessels in November last were distinctly foretold, according to Admiral Fitzroy of the Meteorological Department of the Admiralty. On both occasions, the barometer was very low; but before the advent of the first gale, the thermometer was low, and high before that of the second. It was, therefore, inferred that there would be two gales, and that the first would come from the north, while the other would come from the south, which turned out to be the case. Indeed, it has now been ascertained that no gale of any consequence comes upon us without due 'note of preparation' being given by the barometer. The longer the duration of the storm, the longer is the warning of its approach, as if to give more time to prepare for it, while sudden notice is never followed by more than a brief gale. In this way the thermometer indicates the quarter from which that storm is coming, which the barometer tells us is at hand; and the aspect of the sky, and the record of the past weather, help us to eke out the information thus derived.

By carefully collating the observations of the direction and intensity of the wind contained in the log-books of upwards of ten thousand vessels, Lieutenant Maury has succeeded in drawing out a complete chart of the various currents of the atmosphere in every part of the world at all times of the year. Of course, the currents indicated in these maps are subject to occasional aberrations from various causes; but they exhibit, at least, very clearly and definitely, the course of the main atmospheric tides. At a glance, the captain of a vessel can see whether he will have any very troublesome winds to deal with in the part of the ocean he is about to traverse at any particular time of the year, and can shape his course

so as to avail himself of favourable winds, and steer clear of such as would impede his voyage or endanger his vessel. By this means, voyages to some parts of the world have already been shortened by a third, and even in a few cases by half of the usual time, while the risk and expense have been greatly reduced.

With the course of the winds, both rain and temperature are intimately connected. The extremes of our weather depend on the unequal prevalence of one or other of the two great currents of air, the polar and the equinoctial, whose ceaseless rivalry keeps the atmosphere in a state of wholesome agitation. The former, cold and dry, sends the barometer up, and the thermometer down; while the other, warm and moist, has just the opposite effect.

Compensation appears to be the great law of temperature, excess in one direction being atoned for by excess in another. The average temperature of a place, it has been found, remains nearly the same, an unusually hot summer being generally followed by an unusually cold winter, and the wider the area we take into consideration, the more exact is the equilibrium maintained. In this way, a mild European winter is made up of a very severe one in Asia or America, or *vice versa*. From the fate of the other side of the world, we may therefore gain some idea of what we have to expect for ourselves.

The causes on which the fall of rain depends are still in dispute among meteorologists; some contending that air is capacitated to take up and hold water by its high temperature alone, and that the return of the water in the form of rain is due to the lowering of temperature; while others insist that the process is not complete without the agency of electricity. A few years ago, a gentleman, adopting the view that the drops of rain are kept aloft in the heavens by means of electricity, and that every spark of electricity drawn away will release so much water, published a little work with the somewhat startling title, *How to Produce Rain at Will*, in which he proposed to bring down a shower whenever it was wanted by means of kites with iron frames, or some other conductor equally light, to soar to the clouds; and there seems little doubt the thing can be done, though not to any useful extent, from the difficulty of getting any conductor near the clouds large enough to attract more than a very small quantity of electricity, and consequently to release more than a very small drizzle of rain. The tendency of thickly wooded districts to be very rainy would seem to support the electricity theory. Green trees are capital conductors, and high enough to bring down electricity under certain circumstances; and it is a notorious fact, that a general destruction of forests frequently leads to excessive droughts, and sometimes even destroys the fertility of a district. The general opinion appears to be, that both temperature and electricity have to do with rain, though it may be doubted which is the cause and which the consequence of its fall. As an illustration of precipitation from the mixture of warm with cold and moist air, the curious fact is put forward, that on the occasion of a crowded ball in Sweden, when the heat was so great that a lady fainted, a window was broken to admit air, and immediately it snowed in the room.

The study of such records of the weather as we have already obtained has tended to strengthen the belief, previously entertained among those most deeply versed in the science, that the weather is governed by a definite system of periodical rotation. What its cycle may be, we can, as yet, do no more than guess at; but many competent authorities cherish the hope, that the time will come when meteorologists may conscientiously add the office of prophet to that of historian, and predict the changes of the weather as surely and precisely as we now do the fluctuations of the ocean and the process of the suns. 'Had

Hipparchus and Ptolemy,' says one writer, 'made hourly observations, and had they been made also by their contemporaries and successors in different parts of the world, we might now have been predicting the weather with as much certainty as we do the planetary motions.'

According to Mr Glaisher, there is a rotation in the character of the weather every fifteen years—the seasons growing warmer and warmer till they reach their warmest point; and then gradually colder, till they get to the coldest point, when they begin the round of temperature again. If this theory be correct, a new cycle commenced in 1853, when, the maximum of cold having been reached, warmth began again to predominate over cold, and will continue to ascend till 1861, when cold will once more mount the ladder. Mr Luke Howard gives ten years as the cycle of fluctuation; and various other weatherwise folk have their pet theories. It would be premature as yet to lay much stress on such calculations; but it is certainly a very suggestive fact, that the price of wheat—which of course is influenced by the weather—has exhibited in this country a regular and invariable oscillation of four years up and four years down, for the last thirty-two years.

To many, no doubt, the weather-tables of Mr Glaisher and others must appear very dull and uninteresting indeed; and yet it requires no magic spectacles to read in them the 'story of our lives from year to year,' rich harvests and expanding commerce, good health, plenty, and contentment; or perhaps the gloomier side of the picture—scanty crops and high prices, stagnant trade and social irritation, prevalent disease and busy death. But deeper still is the interest they derive from the prospect that, in the course of time, they will not only reflect for us the past, but may even forecast the future, and enable us, by timely foreshadowing of the coming weather, to avail ourselves of its bounties, while we guard against its ravages.

OUR PET.

THE way we became possessed of Our Pet was this. The uncle with whom I and my brother and sister lived, the kindest and gentlest of human beings, had a great fondness for animals, and brought us up in the same praiseworthy sentiments. He had some nice horses in his stable, five poodle-dogs, and a proportionate variety of cats; and we loved them all dearly; but a feeling had somehow arisen among us, and was not to be repressed, that the family happiness was incomplete without a monkey. How to get one was the difficulty, for my uncle would not hear of low barrel-organ monkeys, who wore kilts, and had no manners; and a gentlemanlike monkey, accustomed to good society, was not easily met with. At last, a lady living a few miles off, wrote to offer my uncle hers, as it had grown so intolerably mischievous, she could keep it no longer. Nothing daunted by the pleasing character awarded to it, my uncle cheerfully accepted the gift. Jacko arrived, was duly admired, petted, and put to bed in the stable, the warmth of which he seemed greatly to enjoy. Next morning, my maid came to dress me, looking very much as if she had just been on board a steam-boat, in very rough weather.

'What is the matter?' said I.

'The monkey, miss,' said she. 'He's a vulgar beast. I can't bear him.'

'What has he done?' said I.

'Done, miss?' said she. 'If you'll believe me, he's a settin' on the door-step, a eatin' a live snail for his breakfast. Ugh!'

It didn't sound nice, certainly; but hunger brings us acquainted with strange mouth-fellows; and I supposed the poor darling hadn't been properly taken care of; so I hurried down stairs, and found him chained to the fender in the dining-room, and the servants just coming in to prayers. My uncle began to read a chapter. Jacko, finding it dull sitting there, with nobody noticing him, and nothing to do, gave a sly pull at the tail of the black poodle lying near him on the hearth-rug, just to see how he would take it—as a pleasant way of beginning an acquaintance.

'Gro-ow-owl!' said the poodle.
'Jacko, be quiet,' said my uncle.

'Haunk!' said Jacko. It was a peculiar sound, something like a groan, that he made; unlike the speech of any other monkey, or of any created being I ever heard, except once, when I strayed into a Ranters' meeting at Bristol, and observed that the orator, in the pathetic parts of his discourse, 'haunk'-ed exactly like Our Pet. My uncle went on with the chapter. Jacko gave another sly pull.

'Gro-ow-owl!' said the poodle.
'Jacko, be quiet,' said my uncle.

'Haunk!' said Jacko; but finding that, for some inexplicable reason, my uncle did not intend to send a book at his head, he amused himself during the remainder of prayers by pulling steadily at the dog's tail, hand-over-hand, just as a sailor pulls at a rope, eliciting melodious music from the unhappy dog, angry, but perfectly useless ejaculations from my uncle, and a series of choking fits from the assembled household, who could hardly be expected to view such an exhibition unmoved. After prayers, my uncle observed that he 'rather thought he would settle Master Jacko to-morrow'; and accordingly we all assembled the next morning to see him tied with a very short chain to the middle of the balusters of the hall staircase. It was done; my uncle, stepping back to look admiringly at his work, said: 'I'll trouble you to do any mischief now, Master Jacko; and we went into the breakfast-room, leaving him gnashing his teeth in impotent malice. After prayers, just as my uncle had begun to hold forth on his own cleverness, a scream was heard from the hall; we rushed out, and found the servants gathered round the housemaid's closet under the staircase, which Jacko, with his long lean arms, had contrived to reach, open, and pilfer of half-a-dozen rushlights, two of which he had devoured, and scattered the mangled remains of the rest all over the new stair-carpet! From that time forward, during prayer-time, he was always chained, rain or sunshine, to the doorsteps, where, when he had once beheaded every flower within his reach, he could do no more mischief beyond vulgarising himself hopelessly with live snails.

But to return to his first day among us. After breakfast, at which he got a great deal more cream than his fair share, he was turned loose into the garden, being evidently tame enough and wide-awake enough to his own interests, not to wander far from the house. Before luncheon, he was brought in and chained again to the fender. The table was already laid, and the servant went to fetch the meat. Crash—crash—crash! In ran my uncle, and found Jacko sitting on the fire-irons like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by broken glass and china, knives and forks, brooks of water, and rills of wine, haunking merrily, and still holding in his hand the corner of the table-cloth, which he had pulled and pulled till down it came, with all its contents, on the floor. He got a tolerably sound thrashing for this exploit, but he did not seem cowed by it. The moment the table was relaid, he began to shout for his beer; and nobody could have any luncheon in peace till he got it. After luncheon, he was turned out again, to wander at his

own sweet will in the garden, and I went to my music-lesson. Presently the cook put her face, purple with suppressed rage, in at the door, and asked me to come and speak to her in the passage. I went.

'If you please, miss,' said she with ominous politeness, 'what would you please to order for dinner?'

Now, my uncle was fond of good living, and so much dreaded what he might have to go through, while we were performing our apprenticeship to the art of housekeeping, that he never would let us learn anything about it, so that I felt as thoroughly uncomfortable at this question as *Punch's* famous swan on a turnpike-road.

'Dinner?' said I, helplessly; 'didn't my uncle order dinner before he went out this morning?'

'Yes, miss,' said she, 'he *hordered* it; but 'ow am I to get it, or anythink else uncomfortable, while that haminal is a-roaring and a-rampaging about? He come into the kitchen ten minutes ago, and of course we runn'd away, along of being frightened; and when we come back, if he 'adn't been a-writin' of his name a hinch deep in the cold jelly for the soup; and he's heat up the pie, and a flask of oil, and a pot of pomatum, and a blister; and now, he's a hairing of hisself on the top of the 'ouse, with your music-master's hat.'

Little did I care for the original copy-book thus presented to my notice; little for poor Mr Mellon's hat; little, I'm ashamed to say, for my uncle's indignation looming unpeased in the distance: my only object was to save poor Jacko from the fate that evidently threatened him. 'O Kitty,' said I, clasping my hands, 'if your master hears all this, Jacko will have to go.'

'Like enuff, miss—him or I,' she answered grimly. But being a good-natured woman at heart, and much attached to 'the famly,' I at last prevailed upon her to bury the matter in eternal silence, and returned to my music-lesson. Having gained this important victory, I was at leisure for minor considerations, and was so much distracted by weighing probabilities as to whether it would occur to Jacko to bring the hat down again or not, that when Mr Mellon said: 'My dear young lady, you are playing all wrong. What is that large, open note?' I looked at it nervously, and said 'a monkey,' instead of 'a minim.'

Shall I ever forget that meek little man's face when, on going away, he asked for his hat, and was informed by our Jeames, with the utmost gravity, that 'the monkey had took'd it to the top of the 'ouse, sir; but they've sent for a chimbley-sweep to fetch it down.'

That functionary arrived in due time; but supposing him to be at the top of the house, how was he to get at the hat? None of our servants would have dared to take it away from the monkey, to save their places, and what right had we to suppose a chimbley-sweep would have more courage? However, he seemed pretty stout at heart, said he didn't care for no such warmint, not he—and began manfully to ascend. As usual, fortune favoured the brave, for when Jacko saw, emerging from the chimbley-pots, a being so much bigger, blacker, and more diabolical-looking than himself, he uttered one screech of terror, flung away the hat, and scuttled off the roof of the house faster than he went up. Being anxious to get him safely chained up out of the way of doing more mischief, till my uncle came home, I was in waiting in the garden with a glass of sherry, his favourite refreshment; and while he was drinking it, being rather exhausted with the excitement he had gone through, he allowed me to put his chain on, and I led him quietly away. Indeed, I must do him the justice to say, that my constant blandishments did so far conciliate his affections, that he would sometimes do what I wished, if he had no positive objection to the thing in itself; whereas the slightest hint of

a wish on the part of the other members of the family, to interfere with his liberty of action, was instantly met with loud vociferations—evidently accompanied by more imprecations than the nature of the subject seemed to demand—that he'd be dratted if he would.

Monkeys, certainly, have very strong likes and dislikes. There is a particular style of person they cannot endure. My sister Georgina is one of these Pariahs of monkey civilisation. No monkey who ever came across her could endure her for a moment, and least of all our own Jacko, though she is generally considered a pretty enough sight to look upon. However engrossing his occupation might be—whether he was eating his dinner, or going to sleep after it on my lap, or teasing the dogs, or peacefully engaged in a *chasse aux puces* among the tangled forests of their long curly hair—it was all the same—the moment she appeared, he was seized with a convulsive shudder all over, and made a frantic dash at her as far as his chain would allow; then, when he found he really could not get at her, to bite her nose off, he would retreat on the fender, and execute a war-dance among the fire-irons, gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes, flinging wild yells of rage and defiance at her, and saying, as plain as monkey could speak, 'She makes me sick; do, do take her away.' She never provoked him in any way; on the contrary, she was studiously deferential and timidly polite to him; and I daresay that was partly the reason why he behaved so ill; for I think monkeys are rather like lovers—a little wholesome severity, not to say harshness, is good for them, and keeps them in their proper places. When my uncle came home, and heard a very softened account of the tenth part of Jacko's misdeeds, he sternly ordered that his liberty should be stopped; that henceforth he should never go out of the house, except attached to one of the dogs for exercise; and in the house should always be chained to the fender. Yet even in this state, so 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,' it is incredible how much mischief he contrived to do. I really think his arms must have been made with extra joints, which he could throw out or curl in as it suited him, on the principle of those three-yard measures which shut up into a length of two or three inches; for however closely he might be chained, if you went away for two minutes, you were sure, on your return, to find him playing with, and probably smashing, something he had got from the other end of the room. One morning my uncle, coming down to breakfast, was greeted by Jacko with such excessive urbanity and overacted delight, that he guessed there must be something wrong; and looking sharply round the room, saw that there was no butter on the table, and that Jacko held one hand carefully behind his back. My uncle slowly advanced, eyeing him steadily; Jacko, loudly protesting how charmed he was to see him that particular day of all days in the year, still kept his hand behind his back. My uncle came close up, still eyeing him fixedly. Jacko, seeing there was no help for it, with a back-handed jerk threw the butter into the grate, crossed his hands in his lap, and sat smilingly serene, as a good man roused from peaceful slumber. 'Jacko, you shall be licked!' said my uncle. He understood perfectly, and in his terror made such horrible clatter with his chain among the fire-irons, that my uncle began to unfasten him, that he might thrash him in peace and comfort. But Jacko was too quick for him; the moment he was free, he sprang up the chimney, and sat singing in the soot. His triumph was short. He forgot he had a *tail*; and my uncle, cautiously putting his hand up the chimney, caught the tip of that tail, and brought him down, squealing and yelling, to receive his deserved punishment. Another time, we found the breakfast-room so full of feathers, that we thought somebody must have been plucking a goose there; but it was only Jacko, who had contrived to reach one of the sofa-pillows,

and had been unripping it for his amusement. It was a great satisfaction to our feelings when he nearly choked himself with two or three feathers that had got into his cream; and then he glared vindictively at us, as if we had done it! Another morning, we found him surrounded by the contents of the post-bag, torn into minute shreds, which was a serious misfortune, as one of the letters was to my brother from the lady of his love, together with a copy of the *Record*; the first time, I should think, that that respectable publication was made use of as a sentimental *gage d'amour*.

Once, another uncle came to pay us a visit who was regarded in the family with the deepest awe and reverence. It was supposed among us that there was no book he had not read, no subject he had not searched out. He was a man learned in all the wisdom of the modern British. He had been a chosen companion of Jeffrey, and the rest of the Northern lights, at the time when the *Edinburgh Review* blazed out in youthful splendour; nay, there was a family tradition that he himself had contributed to those glories. We knew for certain that he now wrote in the *Thunderer*, and that his articles were considered very clever. What a prodigy in a simple country family like ours! We appeared before him with bated breath, and cherished his words like oracles. I, in particular, never felt my soul was my own in his presence. Even now, at this distance of time, I shudder at the possibility of his recognising a niece so degenerate, in print, and am sore tempted to burn my manuscript. Well, this awful personage was to pay us a visit, and much I mused how Jacko would receive him. Would he feel instinctively that this man was not as other men? or would he treat him as irreverently as he did us? I had my misgivings, and they were more than realised. The moment Jacko saw my uncle, he ran up him as if he were a tree, sat on his shoulder, and pulled his whisker! My uncle smiled superior, as cloud-compelling Jove might smile at the frolics of a Cupid. But never again was he quite so great a man in my imagination.

Things went on in this way for some months—Jacko perpetually getting into scrapes, and perpetually being forgiven—when a change came o'er the spirit of the family dream. It was arranged that we should go and pay a visit to my brother, at his new living in Yorkshire. Jacko was to go too, for change of air, as well as a very fine bull-terrier, which had just been given to my uncle, with the character of being a thorough 'varmint dog,' whatever that may mean. I believe he was a first-rate hand at killing rats, but we merely used him as a pet—and he was as quiet and gentle as a lamb—never being allowed to run after his own tail, like a kitten, or a dancing dervish; a trick all bull-terriers are prone to, I am told, and which has the effect of working them up to such a pitch of savage excitement, that they are ready to fly at the throat of the nearest bystander. I privately disbelieved this rotatory theory; and many a time, when I have been alone with 'Venom,' have I spun round myself till I was giddy, in hopes he would follow my example, but he never took the hint.

Well, we went to see my brother. Never shall I forget that day's journey. We woke, and found ourselves famous. It seemed as though the intelligence of our approach with our queer retinue was telegraphed along the line before us; for whatever station we alighted at, we instantly became the centre of a double group of admirers—the dog's and the monkey's. Jacko's admirers consisted entirely of boys of every age and degree of respectability, from mamma's darling with blue eyes and curly hair, going home for the holidays, in his best jacket and trousers, to the seediest urchin who ever shouted 'Times, Morn'g Her'd, Daily Tel'ph, Illus'd Lond'n Noos,' along a railway platform. Big and little, they clustered round like bees, flattening their noses against the hamper

that contained Jacko, though there was nothing to be seen but two eyes that glowed like burning coals. However, it seemed to afford them unlimited satisfaction; and I heard one say, in an awe-struck whisper, to a small confederate: 'Them's the ladies as belongs to the monkey!' The dog's admirers were disreputable-looking men in large dirty white great-coats, most of them with a patch over one eye, and all with an indescribable look of having been bull-terriers themselves at one period. I did not object to the sensation the monkey excited; poor human nature loves to shine, even with reflected lustre; and the boys followed us with eyes of the utmost envy and admiration, seeming to think we must be half-monkeys ourselves, for so splendid a beast to condescend to travel with us. But the dog's admirers were very different and very disagreeable. In the first place, they would keep close to the dog, who naturally kept close to us; and for two ladies travelling alone with their maid, such an escort was not exactly desirable; but besides this, their admiration for the dog was so plainly mingled with anger and contempt towards ourselves, that it made us very uncomfortable. We could not ask them what harm we had done them, neither could we ask the policeman to tell them not to follow our dog, but it was unpleasant to be looked at as if we had robbed their families of bread. At last I heard one of them say, in a surly growl to his neighbour: 'I say, Bill, an't it a burning shame (only he made use of a *stronger* adjective) to see a wamtint dawg like that 'ere belonging to them two young fools as don't know his value?' Then I understood and forgave him. What would have been my feelings if I had seen in his hands one of Ary Scheffer's master-pieces going to be sold for a pot of beer? I longed to tell him we were not the owners of the priceless treasure, but only its escort.

'The longest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.' This trying day was over at last, and we arrived at my brother's village. Jacko was received in anything but a flattering manner. As he was being taken out of his hamper at the door, a parrot, swinging in its cage opposite, bristled up all its feathers at him, and screamed out: 'Get out, you snob!' Jacko, a true philosopher, was no more depressed by this undeserved contumely than he had been elated by the triumphs of the morning. 'Haunk!' said he, and devoured all the outdoor grapes he could reach, whilst waiting for a more substantial supper. Presently, my brother's dog, the most sagacious creature I ever saw, came out to meet us. It was curious to watch his astonishment at the sight of Jacko: he walked round and round him, sniffing; then gravely sat down on his haunches, to examine him at leisure; then gently bit the end of his tail, to see what he was made of, seeming to say: 'You are very odd; you are the oddest thing I ever saw; but I am monarch here, and as long as you don't bite, I will befriend you.' A touching friendship sprang up between them; the dog would hardly stir without the monkey; and it was quite pretty to see them playing together, like two kittens, Jacko putting his head quite fearlessly down the dog's enormous throat, and bullying him in every way, as if he were a human being.

Jacko soon signalled his arrival at the rectory by coming out in quite a new light—as a moral reformer. He prevailed upon an old woman to go to church, who had withheld every description of clerical battery for years. No amount of blankets, or pounds of tea, or persuasion, could induce her to set foot inside the church. Once, I went to her, armed with tea and sugar, and a convincing tract, and bored her to such a degree that at last she turned upon me: 'Don't tell me. Young uns goo to church fur to shew thur bunnets; old uns, fur to goo to sleep: I'se sleep warmer here.' And feeling secretly guilty of a certain new bonnet, trimmed with blush-roses, I slunk off. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread; Jacko

succeeded where many a curate had failed. When Good-Friday came round, all the village went to church except this old woman and Jacko, who, prowling up the street, spied some hot-cross buns in her window for sale. They did not remain there long; and he settled himself comfortably on her pump-handle, to enjoy his feast. Presently, the old dame came out to get some water, and seeing Jacko, fell down in a fit. When restored to consciousness by her neighbours, she solemnly assured them that she had, with her own eyes, seen the devil sitting on her pump eating hot-cross buns. 'Naw, dame, naw,' said John Tarbut, pork-butcher and oracle to the village; 't couldn't ha' been the devil thees't seen; t' devil would ha' been afeared to eat hot-cross buns: they'd burn his mouth, like. Thee must ha' seen a cretur very like the devil, what parson's sisters play wi!' 'Eh, man,' returned the irritated dame, 'thee thinks a' the world's fools but thyself; dost think I doan't know the devil when I sees un?' And nothing would persuade her but that she *had* seen the old gentleman himself, and that he would certainly come again 'to fetch her,' unless she mended her ways. Accordingly, she came regularly to church from that day forth; and from that day forth Jacko was known in the village as the young ladies' devil.

Now, there is a confidence that I wish to make to an enlightened public. When I had brought my narrative to this point, I wound it up in a few neat sentences, and sent the manuscript to an experienced friend for his advice. He returned it, saying, that no editor alive would print my story unless I gave it a definite ending, and that that ending must not be a *melancholy* one. Now, I appeal to an enlightened public—nay, I appeal to able editors themselves in their merely human capacity—is it *possible* to give a definite ending to this biography? Everybody knows there are but two ways of finishing a story handsomely—either you marry your hero, or you kill him off. Now, even if I myself could forget that this is an 'ower *true* tale,' could I hope to make any one believe that my monkey married a lovely heiress, and settled down contentedly, with £5000 a year, and a seat in parliament? Yet, if I said he was overtaken by the usual fate of monkeys in England, and died of lock-jaw, brought on by perpetually biting the end of his tail, I suppose able editors would call that a melancholy ending, would knit their distinguished brows, and refuse to let me appear in print. Well, then, I will tell the truth, humiliating though it be to my hero. Jacko didn't marry, and he didn't die; he 'emigrated,' which is polite English, I believe, for describing the fate of people who 'leave their country for their country's good'; who are transported, in short. His tricks were so incessant, and so very unclerical, that he kept the village in a perpetual state of hot-water, besides earning for my brother an unavoidable notoriety as the "parson" what kept the devil. So it was settled in family conclave that he must be parted with; and though I could then guess what the feeling of Brutus must have been when he sacrificed his sons, I was forced to submit. A regiment stationed a few miles off, was under orders for Jamaica, the nice warm climate of which would make it, we thought, a most eligible penal settlement; so we offered him to the drummer-boy, who came over to fetch him, his eyes shining with delight. With tears, and half a sovereign, I implored him to be kind to the poor animal.

'Ah, thin, miss,' said he, in the richest of brogues, 'shure 'tis kind I'd be to such an elegant baste: shure he'll be all as one as my own brother.'

Jacko seemed to take a great fancy to his new friend's smart uniform, and went away perched on his shoulder, grinning and chattering, in a high state of excitement. Next week, we were told that he was already the idol of the whole regiment, which sailed soon afterwards; and we have never heard of Jacko

since, but I have often made even my brother confess that we could have better spared a better beast than Our Pet Jacko.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN IN FRANCE.

It is a sad pity that the true relations between masters and workmen still remain so little understood in this country. A few weeks ago,* we told how the weavers of Rochdale, by an exercise of good sense deserving of all commendation, have become capitalists; buying good food and clothing in the cheapest market, saving small sums which would otherwise have probably been squandered, and obtaining 5 per cent. interest for all the sums so economised. In the very week wherein that article appeared, another set of workmen, the building operatives of London, finally broke down in an attempt to enforce something which almost the whole body of thinking persons in this country have decided to be unreasonable and unjust. The attempt cost them four or five months' wages, besides impoverishing the fund on which they depended for resources in time of sickness or domestic bereavement. The London builders earn much more per man than the Rochdale weavers; and yet the former have brought themselves into a most unsatisfactory state by demanding what really does not belong to them, while the latter have improved their condition by a healthy application of that which is really their own. The London journeymen, as a body, do not place money in savings' banks, or banks of any kind; the books of the several banks clearly shew this; the instances of those who do so being so few as to afford proof of the rule to which they are the exceptions. The little money saved goes mostly to trade-societies or clubs of some kind. In so far as those clubs and societies are well managed as provident institutions, a good is wrought; and so far as they tend to make the members better workmen, or to aid in supporting those who may be out of work; but, unfortunately, under the influence of leaders ill informed on the subject, they strain at something beyond their reach, and of course fail. The whole amount of money received yearly by the building operatives of the metropolis would, if judiciously expended, not only support them and their families comfortably, but would provide something for the day of trouble—whether trouble came in the form of sickness, death, superannuation, or deficiency of employment. There are two phases of the question—the earning and the spending of wages. In the latter, it is beyond all question that the workmen might improve their position—if not by an adoption of the same plan as the Rochdale weavers, at least by the adoption of some system which shall have prudence and economy as its watchwords; less public-house, and more steady thinking. In the earning of wages, it is too often forgotten that there is and can be no authoritative determination of their amount; twist and turn the question how we may, we must at last arrive at this result—that the rate of wages is a matter of mutual agreement; and that any persistency or any change of rate must depend on two parties—those who give services for money, and those who give money for services. To regard masters as the 'natural enemies' of workmen, is the rankest nonsense. When, of two parties, neither one can live without the other, enmity can only arise through some temporary, partial, and removable causes.

There are many who think that masters and men might possibly be able to adopt some such plan in England as is practised in some trades in France and Belgium, for arranging amicably the rate of wages. That if employers would abate a little of their loftiness of demeanour towards workmen, and if workmen would place a little more frank

confidence in their employers, the groundwork would be laid for something better. We are not certain that the *Conseils de Prud'hommes* would suit the atmosphere of England; but it is, at any-rate, worth while to understand what that system really is, and what it does. The Board of Trade has recently caused the system to be inquired into, and we shall not be misusing a page or two of this *Journal* in briefly stating the results.

These French courts of arbitration or mutual concession—for such they are—have existed since the year 1806, when Napoleon established a *Conseil de Prud'hommes* at Lyon. An imperial decree, issued in 1809, and amended in 1810, contained the regulations in detail under which such *Conseils* should be conducted. Rouen and Nîmes obtained *Conseils* in 1807, and several other towns in the two following years. Paris was without one until much later, chiefly on account of the practical difficulties arising from the great variety of manufactures there carried on; one, however, was established in 1844, and three more in 1847. In 1849, the whole number of such *Conseils* in France was seventy-four. During the revolution of 1848, the Socialistic reformers made several violent changes in the regulations applicable to them; but counteracting changes were made by an imperial decree in 1853, and since then, others have been established.

These *Conseils de Prud'hommes* (Councils of Experienced Men) are established by government decree on the advice of a Chamber of Commerce, or a Chamber of Arts and Manufactures. The number of members is determined by the decree, according to the requirements of the particular trade interested. They comprise masters and workmen in equal proportions, exclusive of the president and vice-president, who are appointed by the government, and who are not necessarily connected with the trade in question. A 'dead-lock,' resulting from all the master-members voting on one side, and all the working-members on the other, is obviated by giving the president a casting-vote. The members are elected at a meeting called and managed by the prefect of the department. The election-list has varied in its scope from time to time; but under the regulations of 1853, the electors comprise all masters in that particular trade and place who are twenty-five years old or upwards, who have been three years in the district, and have for five years held the licence called a *patente*, for which a small sum is paid to the government; and all the workmen of similar ages who have exercised their trade for five years, and have resided three years in the district. Such are the electors; the candidates must possess the qualifications for electors, be not less than thirty years of age, and be able to read and write. The mayor of the commune in which the town is situated, assisted by an assessor of masters and an assessor of workmen, keeps a register of electors, and sends a copy of it to the prefect when the electoral meeting is about to be summoned. The election is not in common; the masters separately elect their own representatives, and the workmen theirs. After three years of service, half the number retire by lot, and a new election takes place for the other half.

When properly organised, each *Conseil* holds two kinds of meetings—*Bureaux Généraux* and *Bureaux Particuliers*; one of these we will call the Weekly Committee, and the other the Daily Committee. The Weekly Committee consists of equal numbers of masters and workmen, not less than two of each. The Daily Committee consists of one master and one workman, sitting from eleven o'clock until one. All disputes in the particular trade to which the *Conseil* relates are in the first place brought before the Daily Committee; and if not adjusted there, they are carried to the next Weekly Committee, whose decision is binding, so far as the law permits. Where the sum or value at issue does not exceed 200 francs

(about L.8), there is no appeal from the decision of the Weekly Committee; but beyond that amount, an appeal is open to the regular courts of justice. It may fairly be regarded as evidence of the usefulness of these tribunals, that appeals and re-hearings are very rare. Some years ago, when the whole number of cases in France had accumulated to 184,574, it was found that the Daily Committees had settled no less than 174,547 of them, leaving only 10,027 to be re-heard by the Weekly or General Committees; of this residue, 4849 were withdrawn before the day of hearing, and only 5178 actually re-heard; and lastly, of these 5178, only 190 were carried by appeal to courts of justice. Therefore, of 184,574 trade-disputes, 184,384 were settled without the aid of lawyers or law-courts, or nearly 999 out of every 1000.

The interesting question now is—What are the kinds of trade-disputes which engage the attention of these amicable tribunals? Napoleon's first decree laid down that 'the Conseil de Prud'hommes is established for the purpose of terminating, by way of conciliation, the minor difficulties which daily arise between masters (*fabricants*) and workmen (*ouvriers*), or between foremen (*chefs d'ateliers*) and the ordinary workmen (*compagnons*) or apprentices (*apprentis*). It is only manufacturers and their work-people, not merchants, dealers, or shopkeepers, who are concerned in the matter. The causes of dispute are many and varied. A master-manufacturer may complain against one of his workmen for having inflicted upon him some injury by contravening a law or regulation; for refusing to fulfil a contract, either actually entered into between them, or implied by the custom of trade, relating to work, time, or price; or for having stolen or injured raw materials given him to work upon. A workman may complain against his master for injuring him by contravening a law or regulation; for dismissing him at an improper time, contrary either to actual agreement or to established usage; for keeping back either the whole or a part of his wages; or for refusing to give him a *congé d'acquit*, or to return him his *livret*. The *congé d'acquit* is a certificate signed by the master that a workman has duly fulfilled his engagements; and the *livret* is a book which every French workman is obliged to carry, shewing his name, age, birthplace, trade, &c., and which he must deliver to a new master on first entering his service. One workman may complain against another in relation to the division of wages for some joint piece of work; to the practical details in the execution of such work; or to the alleged misuse of materials or tools belonging to the employer. There are many other sources of dispute, but these are the principal. One fertile cause of difference relates to apprentices, who—or their parents—are involved in some dispute with the master, the foreman, or the workmen, concerning the details of the apprenticeship indenture. The Conseils are not empowered to determine the actual rate of wages in any one trade; but they are frequently appealed to by the masters and men when the rate is in dispute; their decisions are in some cases accepted at once, while in others their advice tends to modify unreasonable demands on either side.

The mode of proceeding of the Conseils de Prud'hommes is as follows: Every person is bound to appear before the Conseil when summoned, on the day and hour named, certain penalties being enforced for disobedience. The two persons at issue in each particular case are heard in each other's presence, before the Daily Committee; and a decision is given according to the merits. If one party does not appear, judgment is at once given against him; but a certain time is then allowed him to obtain a proper hearing. Every judgment is signed by the president and vice-president; and all the judgments are registered and kept by the secretary. The appeal from the Daily Committee to the Weekly Committee

must be made within three months. Every Committee, whether Daily or Weekly, has power of summoning witnesses, whose evidence is received on oath; and it decides on the validity or admissibility of any evidence that may be objected to on either side. When an appeal is made from a Daily to a Weekly Committee, the former supplies the latter with a procès-verbal of the names, &c., of the witnesses, and of the evidence which they have given.

The financial part of the system is soon described. The members of the Conseil serve gratuitously. The secretary and the *huissier*, or messenger, have salaries. Those salaries, and the expenses of the office, are defrayed out of fees paid by the disputants. There is so much paid for every *lettre d'invitation*, every citation, every judgment enrolled, every judgment communicated, every procès-verbal, every copy of a judgment, every deposit of an inventor's design or of a manufacturer's mark. These fees vary from 30 cents to 3 francs (three-pence to half-a-crown). Where both parties voluntarily appear, and the case is easily decided and readily agreed to without witnesses, no fees are paid. Where witnesses are summoned, they are paid either a day's wages or two francs, according as they are in or out of work.

The Conseils de Prud'hommes of Belgium are very much like those just described. They began at Ghent in 1810, by decree from Napoleon, who was at that time paramount in Belgium. A second was established at Bruges in 1813. No others were founded for many years. In 1838, several towns petitioned for such Conseils; but it having been found that the existing state of the law did not admit of such an extension, a new statute was passed in 1842, since which year many additional Conseils de Prud'hommes have been established. The experience of seventeen years seems to shew that sort of imperial tone, which pervades the French system, when grafted upon the more constitutional tendencies of the Belgians, has produced a result not quite so satisfactory. The Belgians resort to their Conseils de Prud'hommes less readily than their French neighbours.

Germany also has its Conseils de Prud'hommes. When the French empire was at its greatest, Napoleon established these institutions at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Creveld, Duren, Gladbach, Kaldenkirchen, Leyde, Montjoie, and Stolberg; and after the re-settlement of affairs in 1815, Prussia established several others in her Rhenish provinces, under the title of Tribunals of Industry.

Such, then, are the Conseils de Prud'hommes. It is pretty certain, from a careful perusal of the regulations, that some of them would not suit England; there is too much indication of a central power, against which we as a nation entertain much distrust. There is, moreover, a more rigorous demarcation between masters, foremen, workmen, and apprentices, with their *congés d'acquit*, *livrets*, &c., and a more decided power of official interference in the personal affairs of men and families, than we should like. Nevertheless, there are good elements in the system which might possibly be worked up with some or other of our trade-usages. Of 'strikes' and 'lock-outs' we will not discourse here; the daily newspapers tell us enough of the animosity and distress to which they lead; and the leading quarterly reviewers have brought before the world ample evidence of the vastness of the organisation now prevailing among English workmen, each in his own trade. If it comes to a determined struggle, most persons think that the victory would remain with the employers of labour; some believe that it would favour the other side; but all must agree that a woeful amount of hatred, estrangement, suffering, and demoralisation would follow in the train of any such contest. Better, infinitely better, would it be if masters and men, knowing well that they cannot do without each other, would calmly consider whether friendly discussion and arbitration

might not take the place of intimidation and criminal prosecution.

That such attempts have been made in particular instances, within the last few years, is known to those who have attended to these subjects; but there is reason to believe that the public generally are not much acquainted with them. Two or three years ago, a committee of the House of Commons collected evidence bearing on this point, of which a few examples may be here cited. The *carpet-weavers* of Yorkshire and Durham, after many years of bitter quarrelling between masters and men, agreed upon a plan of conciliation in 1839. A kind of parliament was occasionally summoned, attended by delegates from masters and from men, sitting in different rooms; the masters agreed upon a rate of wages to which all would conform; the men agreed upon such a rate as they would accept; the chairman of the two bodies met, authorised to discuss any points of difference, and to report thereon to the delegates; the masters explained the state of trade, and offered reasons why the wages should not be above such or such a rate; the men stated what were the current demands upon them in relation to the important matters of the price of food, &c.; and it rarely happened but that such mutual concessions were made as rendered an amicable agreement possible. The parliament came to comprise as many as thirty firms and two thousand workmen; and so well did it succeed, that when the cotton-spinners at Preston were on strike in 1855, the carpet-parliament sent to entreat them to conciliate instead of quarrelling. It is said that only once in fifteen years did the two bodies of delegates separate without agreeing; that the workmen on that occasion begged the masters to reconsider their decision; that they did so, and that an amicable settlement followed. On five different occasions, the union, by friendly offices, settled differences among masters and men in the carpet-trade in other counties of England. The *potters* of Staffordshire, at the suggestion of the masters, established a trade-tribunal in 1851. Under general circumstances, the rate of wages in that trade is fixed for twelve months at a time; but if any new articles or new patterns are introduced, not yet entered in the regular tariff, the master is submitted to a sort of board of arbitration, as is likewise the interpretation of disputed points in existing agreements. It is agreed that, when any such dispute arises, the man remains at work notwithstanding the inquiry, and is debited or credited with his due amount without wasting time by withdrawal or dismissal. Nearly all the principal master-potters form a Chamber of Commerce, and this chamber agrees that its members shall abide by the decisions of courts of arbitration. These courts are not permanent: when a dispute arises, the master appoints three persons, and the workman three; these six choose an umpire; and though the decision of such a court cannot be legally binding, the masters and men who take part in the system agree to obey it. The *printers* of London have a certain schedule of wages for work, which, as long as it is observed, defines and settles all the main transactions between masters and men; but in 1856 they established a peculiar tribunal for minor matters, consisting of arbitrators chosen on the two sides, and a barrister chosen to act as chairman of all such boards as might be appointed. We need not, however, dwell upon the details here, seeing that these courts, boards, or parliaments of printers are not entitled to interfere with or to alter the general rate of wages in the trade; there is a higher law, or conventional agreement, as to wages, to which these special tribunals are quite subservient, and which they must not touch. In many instances—such as those of the *bobbin-turners* of Todmorden in 1854, the *boot and shoe makers* of London in 1852, the *lace-makers* of Nottingham in 1829, the *salt-carriers* of

Cheshire in 1853, the *silk-weavers* of Macclesfield in 1850, the *wire-workers* of Birmingham in or about 1854—disputes between masters and men concerning wages have been settled by the friendly intervention of third parties. Such intervention, however, is special and temporary, and is seldom accepted until both parties have smarted severely by the quarrel. What is wanted, is something more permanent in each trade. There must be some system to which the masters and the men both assent, for discussing matters relating to wages. If the masters hold aloof, and haughtily refuse to belong to a court, board, tribunal, or trade-parliament to which their workmen belong, the affair is nearly hopeless; and so would it be if workmen continue to regard their employers as enemies whom it is a glory to defeat, a fallacy to conciliate, a disgrace to obey. If the *Conseils de Prud'hommes* are not fitted for English soil, does it therefore follow that a well-digested system of arbitration is therefore unattainable?

A CLERICAL CRICHTON.

ALTHOUGH that Intellectual Titan still exists of whom it was first written, that 'Science was his forte, and Omnicience his weakness,' he is now not without rivals in versatility. We think it nothing surprising, in these days, to see a sentimental novelist and a Chancellor of the Exchequer in one—a melancholy and delicate gentleman in his youth—*mulier formosa superne*—terminating at last in scales, figures, and red tape; or to behold another who has made us weep over the fictitious woes of an interesting felon, become the guardian of all the felons, fast and loose, in her Majesty's colonies. We have not seen any politician perform that surgical operation at which Lord John Russell was said to be capable of trying his hand at short notice, it is true; but we have beheld a clergyman of the Church of England attempting things apparently quite as much out of his own line, and, moreover, with decided success.

If we are not mistaken, it is only some twelve years ago, at most, that the Rev. Charles Kingsley astonished what then remained of the world of magazine-readers by his problem of *Yeast* in *Fraser*; and now there are no less than fourteen of his works extant, four of which are in their second edition, six in their third, two in their fourth, and one in its fifth; and scarcely any of these are of at all similar character.

He talks of polities or prayers,
Of Ruskin's prose on Shakspeare's sonnets,
Of daggers or of dancing-bears,
Of battles or the last new bonnets,

with equal familiarity—and (now and then) contempt. His very poems are dramatic, sentimental, social, lyrical, and occasionally even revolutionary. Pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, and poem unlimited. We remember, when his great medieval drama came out, to have seen on the notice-board of the Union Debating Society at Oxford, as a subject for debate, 'that the author of the *Saint's Tragedy* is the greatest poet of modern times.' He always took with young gentlemen like wild-fire, and has a very great influence for good at both the English universities. He is one of the writers who makes his readers—if they like him *at all*, that is—his personal friends. They openly swear fealty to him, and have their lances couched against all evil-speakers against him; and that heathen host, to say truth, is somewhat numerous. Mr Maurice, Mr Carlyle, the Poet Laureate, and (pre-eminently) Mr Dickens, are perhaps the only modern authors who possess this rare and dangerous faculty of attraction—dangerous, because it often sets a man

at the head of a movement which he does not himself, perhaps, wish to accompany any great distance, and yet which he can hardly desert. Out of *Yeast, Hypatia, Westward Ho, Ten Years Ago*, and the like church-militant efforts of our author, comes the modern school of Muscular Christianity, whose scholars must be by this time getting rather unmanageable. *Tom Brown*, who, by no means indirectly, advocates black eyes and thrashing as an excellent introduction to a religious life, is Mr Kingsley's literary godchild, and has, we fancy, just a little alarmed his sponsor, who, to do him justice, is not easily frightened either. It is the Monitor of a school who are always prepared to go to greater lengths in discipline than the Master himself. Besides his poems, and his drama, and his muscular novels, and his Christian Socialist problems, there are, of course, our author's sermons; for is he not a divine, and bound to write them at any rate? Very unlike that Lord Chancellor who, 'if he had but known a little law, would have been just the man for the place,' Mr Kingsley, who does so many other things well, understands his own business thoroughly. There are few, indeed, of his clerical brethren who can produce *Twenty-five Village Sermons* such as those of the Rector of Eversley and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty—our Crichton being a courtier, as it seems, in addition to his other occupations. He is also, in the summer-time, a collector for vivariums and muscle-gatherers (dreadful trade!), and really understands the art of making a scientific subject clear, poetical, and beautiful, better than any man in England. He refrains, with a greatness of mind unknown to other naturalists, from using the word 'mollusk,' when he simply means an oyster; and does not leave that jaded impression which most writers of the *Glaucus* class produce, of one's having been shut up for days in some marine dungeon, with nothing but periwinkles and a pin.

Mr Kingsley has just now gratified mankind—and especially womankind—by the publication of a couple of volumes of *Miscellanies*,* whose range extends over history, natural history, aesthetics, geology, politics, poetry, and sanitary and social reform, with some very particular accounts of Paraguay and the coast of North Devon. In any one of these papers, too—all of which are good, and some of them charming—you are never sure but that you will find a greater pennyworth of information than the title of the essay warranted, or, indeed, than you had any wish to be the recipient of. Our author's knowledge-supply is always laid on at high-pressure, like that of the new water-companies. You may go with Mr Kingsley a-hunting—a pastime of which he is particularly fond, and which he describes most admirably—with the intention of taking a quiet clerical 'cobby' gallop by the side of him, without much fencing, when, lo and behold! he takes you over a hurdle of statistics into a sheepfold of facts connected with population, or perhaps guano; or he 'pounds' you in a field of speculation hedged round with regular 'bullfinches' of archaeology, where there is no practicable way out, as it seems, except through the gate of Romance at which you entered, till suddenly he points out a gap—mixed up, somehow, with the Period of Upheaval—and so you rejoin the hounds again. He does it all with great dexterity, but still we object to imbibing so much learning under false pretences—the whole contrivance has such a very strong flavour about it of *Sandford and Merton*.

'I will say boldly,' says he, 'that a frolicsome habit of mind is rather a token of deep, genial, and super-abundant vitality, than of a shallow and narrow nature, which can only be earnest and attentive by conscious and serious efforts.' An excellent truth, but one which scarcely excuses a man for taking us out coursing or

fly-fishing with the covert design of discussing the question of Future Punishment.

Notwithstanding his catholicism, Mr Kingsley especially prides himself on being 'a minute philosopher.' He holds that the best knowledge lieth nearest to us, if we only had eyes to recognise it, and sees 'the whole miracle of nature in every tuft of grass.' About his own little village, he finds almost all that is worth studying, and truly he investigates the neighbourhood attentively. In the fifteen miles of moorland that lies around his house, he discovers the materials of all physical science, and wishes that he had only time to work out one smallest segment of that great sphere. He calls this moorland his *Winter-Garden*, and under that title gives us perhaps the most delightful essay in these volumes.

'I call the said garden mine, not because I own it in any legal sense (for only in a few acres have I a life-interest), but in that higher sense in which ten thousand people can own the same thing, and yet no man's right interfere with another's. To whom does the Apollo Belvidere belong, but to all who have eyes to see its beauty? So does my winter-garden, and therefore to me among the rest. And then (which is a gain to a poor man) my pleasure in it is a very cheap one. So are all those of a minute philosopher, except his microscope. But my winter-garden, which is far larger, at all events, than that famous one at Chatsworth, costs me not one penny in keeping it up. Poor, did I call myself? Is it not true wealth to have all I want without paying for it? Is it not true wealth, royal wealth, to have some twenty gentlemen and noblemen, nay, even royal personages, planting and improving for me? Is it not more than royal wealth to have sun and frost, gulf-stream and sou'wester, laws of geology, phytology, physiology, and other ologies—in a word, the whole universe and the powers thereof, day and night, paving, planting, roofing, lighting, colouring my winter-garden for me, without my even having the trouble to rub a magic ring, and tell the genie to go to work?

'Even men of boundless knowledge, like Humboldt, must have had once their specialty, their pet subject, or they would have, strictly speaking, no knowledge at all. The volcanoes of Mexico, patiently and laboriously investigated in his youth, were to Humboldt possibly the key of the whole Cosmos. I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of geological wonders. Fifteen years have I been puzzling at the same questions, and have only guessed at a few of the answers. What sawed out the edges of the moors into long narrow banks of gravel? What cut them off all flat atop? What makes *Erica ciliaris* grow in one soil, and the bracken in another? How did three species of club-moss—one of them quite an alpine one—get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of gravel? Why did that one patch of *Carex arenaria* settle in the only square yard for miles and miles which bore sufficient resemblance to its native sand-hill by the sea-shore, to make it comfortable? Why did *Myosurus minimus*, which I had hunted for in vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for two hundred years at least a farm-yard gateway? Why does it generally rain here from the south-west, not when the barometer falls, but when it begins to rise again? Why—why is everything which lies at my feet all day long? I don't know; and you can't tell me. And till I have found out, I cannot complain of monotony, with still undiscovered puzzles waiting to be explained, and so to create novelty at every turn. Besides, monotony is pleasant in itself, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous; but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by

our Litany—"those who travel by land and sea" are to be the objects of our pity and our prayers, it says—and the Litany, as usual, is right.'

Although Mr Kingsley is a high churchman, under cover of which character he gains access to a number of minds that without him would never know what liberality and charity of opinion mean—he has less of "the Priest" about him (that is to say, in its popular, or rather unpopular sense) than almost any clerical writer with whom we are acquainted. He not only changes places with his heterodox adversaries with dexterity, and regards his own position from their point of view with singular clearness where he is writing controversially (for *that* is also one of his lines), but through all he writes there blows a healthy and unconventional air of natural piety.

"The March breeze is chilly; but I can be always warm in my winter-garden if I like. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir-stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral (wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols), but endless vistas of smooth red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom—paved with rich brown fir-needle—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Villemain can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation—while for incense I have the fresh healthy turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odour which fills a Roman Catholic cathedral."

Since the modern school of word-painters arose, there has been no such pen for describing natural scenery as Charles Kingsley's. Whether his foot is on that native heath of which we have just been hearing; or sails Westward Ho by "summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea;" or dips in fancy, along with his dredging-machine, far down into the ocean-gardens—the pictures all stand out as if seen through a stereoscope. They have the faithfulness and minuteness of the daguerreotype without its disagreeable effect. He never loses a beauty, however fleeting, or makes a shadow a blur. Who that has sailed from Lynmouth Harbour to sweet-sounding Clovelly, but recognises this mosaic from the North Devon coast-line?

"What a sea-wall they are, these Exmoor hills! sheer upward from the sea a thousand feet rise the mountains; and as we slide and stagger lazily along before the dying breeze, through the deep water which never leaves the cliff, the eye ranges, almost dizzy, up some five hundred feet of rock, dappled with every hue, from the intense dark of the tide-line; through the warm, green, and brown rock shadows, out of which the horizontal cracks of the strata loom black, and the breeding gulls shew like delicate snow-flakes; up to the middle cliff, where delicate gray fades into pink, pink into red, red into glaring purple; up to where the purple is streaked with glossy ivy wreaths and black green yews; up to where all the chain of colours vanishes abruptly on the midhill, to give place to one yellowish-gray sheet of upward down, sweeping aloft, smooth and unbroken, except by a lonely stone, or clambering sheep, and stopped by one great rounded waving line, sharp cut against the brilliant blue. The sheep hang like white daisies upon the steep; and a solitary falcon rides a speck in air, yet far below the crest of that tall hill. Now he sinks to the cliff-edge, and hangs quivering, supported, like a kite, by the pressure of his breast and long curved wings, against the breeze."

And yet with such a home-scene before his eyes, our ubiquitous author must needs remember that in the very water which laps against the bows of his Clovelly trawler, glossy limbed negro-girls may have hunted the purblind shark in West Indian harbours; and that on those Devonshire sands

yonder, are washed up, year by year, cassia-beans, and foreign canes, and tropic seeds; and that the tropic ocean snails, with fragile shells of amethystine blue, are floating in there from the West, out of the passing Gulf-stream. Extreme profusion of material is indeed a weakness of our author, although he cannot by any means be accused of a too great variety of ideas. Let it never be forgotten, he is eternally saying, that every man should be six feet high, and broad in proportion; let him learn to swim, if he would be saved from a worse thing than drowning; and to box, if he wishes to end like a good churchman. And whatever he does, let him be assured that Heaven and Earth are looking at him, to see he does it right; and if his trade be but the folding of napkins to decorate public dining-tables, let him beware and fold them well, for the devil, as well as the spectators aforesaid, is most certainly watching for him.

But let us extract one more scene from this charming sketch-book; a drawing, in water-colours, of what happens every year on that iron-bound Devon coast, and upon those very waves we have just seen dancing in the sunlight under the rainbow-tinted cliffs.

"One morning, in December, I remember now well, how we watched from the Hartland Cliffs a great bark that came drifting and rolling in before the western gale, while we followed her up the coast—parsons and sportsmen, farmers and Preventive-men, with the Manby's mortar lumbering behind us in a cart, through stone-gaps and trackways, from headland to headland. The maddening excitement of expectation as she ran wildly towards the cliffs at our feet, and then sheered off again inexplicably; her fore-mast and bowsprit, I recollect, were gone short off by the deck; a few rags of sail fluttered from her mast and mizzen. But with all straining of eyes and glasses, we could discern no sign of man on board. Well I recollect the mingled disappointment and admiration of the Preventive-men as a fresh set of salvers appeared in view, in the form of a boat's crew of Clovelly fishermen; how we watched breathlessly the little black speck, crawling and struggling up in the teeth of the gale, under the shelter of the land, till, when the ship had rounded a point into smoother water, she seized on her, like some tiny spider on a huge unwieldy fly; and then how one still smaller black speck shewed aloft on the mainyard, and another—and then the desperate efforts to get the topsail set—and how we saw it tear out of their hands again, and again, and again, and almost fancied we could hear the thunder of its flappings above the roar of the gale and the mountains of surf which made the rocks ring beneath our feet; and how we stood silent, shuddering, expecting every moment to see whirled into the sea, from the plunging yards, one of those same tiny black specks, in each one of which was a living human soul, with wild women praying for it at home. . . .

"How she broke loose from them at the last moment, and rushed frantically in upon these huge rocks below us; leaping great banks of slate at the blow of each breaker, tearing off masses of ironstone which lie there to this day to tell the tale, till she drove up high and dry against the cliff, and lay, the huge brute, like an enormous stranded whale, grinding and crashing itself to pieces against the walls of its adamantine cage. And well I recollect the sad records of the log-book that was left on board the deserted ship; how she had been water-logged for weeks and weeks, buoyed up by her timber-cargo, the crew clinging in the tops, and crawling down, when they dared, for putrid biscuit-dust and drops of water, till the water was washed overboard and gone; and then, notice after notice—"On this day such a one died;" "On this day such a one was washed away"—the log kept up to the last, even when there was only that to tell, by the stern business-like merchant-skipper, whoever he was; and how, at last, when

there was neither food nor water, the strong man's heart seemed to have quailed, or perhaps risen, into a prayer, jotted down on the log—"The Lord have mercy upon us!"—and then a blank of several pages, and scribbled with a famine-shaken hand, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" and so the log and the ship were left to the rats, which covered the deck when our men boarded her.

We had little but good to say of Mr Kingsley, and we have said it honestly; but the fact is, that it is not safe to meddle with him except in a friendly fashion. Not only has he that large body-guard of faithful youth to fight his battles for him, of whom we have already spoken, but he has a 'big brother' to redress his wrongs, in the Rev. F. D. Maurice. He has taken up the cudgels, we see, against some writer in the *Saturday Review* who has ventured to ride his customary muck through these same *Miscellanies*. We wonder much what sort of success the eloquent divine will meet with. If our versatile author should, by any means, however indirect, convert or extract an apology out of a *Saturday Reviewer*, he may certainly lay claim, with even greater reason than before, to the title of a Clerical Chrichton.

THE CROOK OF ST FILLAN.

In a late number of the *Canadian Journal of Industry, Science, and Art*, there is a paper by Professor Daniel Wilson of the University College, Toronto, on a matter of antiquarian interest. An account is given of the discovery in Canada of the crook, or head of the crosier of St Fillan, an eminent Scottish saint who died in 649, and from whom is derived St Fillans, the name of a village and spring in the western part of Perthshire.

Harp of the North, that mouldering long has hung
On the witch-elm that shades St Fillan's spring.

Thus has Scott alluded to St Fillans in the opening lines of the *Lady of the Lake*, and the spot, situated in a picturesque valley, has furnished legends to numerous writers in prose and verse. How anything that had belonged to a Highland recluse twelve hundred years ago, should have found its way to Canada, seems not a little remarkable; and yet the story of the relic is very simple.

St Fillan being a personage of extraordinary sanctity, all things that had pertained to him were, of course, believed to possess miraculous qualities. When Robert Bruce was about to encounter the English invading army on the field of Bannockburn, 1314, he commanded that the relics of St Fillan should be present on the occasion, and the duty of exhibiting them and invoking their powers was imposed on the abbot of Inchaffray. According to tradition, the abbot acted somewhat disingenuously. Fearing that the most valued of the relics—the arm of the saint—might be lost in the tumult of battle, he shewed only the silver case in which the arm was usually contained; he, however, exhibited the saint's crosier, and that, when judged by the result, was presumed to have done wonders. Displeased with the abbot for having played what we must think to have been a rather shabby trick, the king is said to have confided the future care of St Fillan's crosier to a family named Doire, modernised into Dewar, in Strathfillan. By this family, generation after generation, the crosier was carefully preserved; and at length it was taken across the Atlantic by a lineal descendant of the original custodian, on his emigrating to Canada in 1818—a fact referred to in an account of the relic in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*.

The present custodian of the crook of St Fillan is Alexander Dewar, son of the emigrant, and he

communicates some particulars on the subject to Professor Wilson. The family, it appears, on going up the Ottawa, lent some old documents concerning the crosier to a Mr McDonald, whose house was burned soon after, and the papers unfortunately destroyed. But we are told that 'Mr Dewar retains in his possession a copy of the royal instrument granted to Malise Doire, one of his ancestors, by James III. in 1487, in confirmation of more ancient royal deeds by Robert Bruce, and registered by the Lords of Council and Session at Edinburgh in 1734.' In this document the crosier is called the *Quigrich*—a Celtic term signifying the 'crook of the king.'

A lithographic print in the *Canadian Journal* accompanies the account of the quigrich, which is represented as a richly carved crook, or head of a staff. It is composed of silver, gilt, on a hollow cone of copper, and is adorned in front with a large oval crystal. It measures 'nine and a quarter inches in height, and nearly seven and a half inches across, from the point of the crook. It is of an exceedingly simple form, suggestive of a primitive age of art, and yet adorned with such rich and tasteful skill, as to constitute, apart from its singularly interesting historical associations, a valuable example of the workmanship of the early age to which it must be assigned, and of the primitive civilisation which followed in the wake of that Christianity taught by St Fillan and other Christian missionaries, to the first converts from among the Pagan Celts of North Britain.' Mr Wilson, in conclusion, properly suggests that the quigrich should be placed within the safe-keeping of one of our great national collections, lest it should perish in one of those chance conflagrations which yearly consume hundreds of the frail wooden houses of Canadian settlers.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The reign of the Year is drawing to a close!
Dejected and alone
The Monarch quits his throne
For the region of a passionless repose.
He has dropped from his hand
His globe of silver sand,
To whiten our tresses as he goes;
His pall has been spread
With holly-berries red,
And his shroud has been woven from the snows.

Who o'er the hills of the morning advances,
Hope in his footstep, and joy in his eyes—
Lord of the future, Disposer of chances,
Prophet of pleasure, and Soother of sighs?
This is the son and the heir of the Dead—
This is the king who shall reign in his stead.

Ho! Brothers, let us sing
Merry welcome to our king,
And crown him with a garland of the vine;
Let the old strife end,
And the new love blend
With the hopes that are sparkling in our wine.
Full logically responding to his call,
Before the revels close,
And we vanish at the touches of the Morn like the
elves,
Hand in hand let us stand one and all,
To pledge the coming Monarch, who will grant a crown
to those
Whom he proves to be Monarchs o'er themselves.

R. R.